

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 57.—No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT,
Oct. 18, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include:—Symphony in E flat, Salomon No. 8 (Haydn)—first time; Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann); Scherzo for Orchestra (A. C. Mackenzie)—first time; Pianoforte Solo, "Pastorale" (Mozart), and "Danse Pompeuse" (Gellier); Concert Overture, *Melusine* (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Miss Annie Marriott and Signor Foll. Pianist—Mme Montigny-Bémaury. Transferable Stall Tickets for the twenty-one Concerts, Two Guinea; Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, 1s. Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

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The NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at this INSTITUTION (in the New Concert-room), on SATURDAY Evening, the 25th inst., at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN. Tickets (which may be purchased at the doors):—Balceny, 2s. 6d.; and Stalls, 5s. each.

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WEDNESDAY Morning, Oct. 22.—Mr Kuhe will play Sterndale Bennett's "Barcarolle," Schumann's "Whims," Liszt's "Consolation," Scharwenka's "Scherzo," Rubinstein's "Barcarolle" and "Valse," and Wehle's "Recollections of Mendelssohn;" Miss Kuhe, with Mr Carrodus, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, for pianoforte and violin. Particulars at Messrs PORTS', 167, North Street.

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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), at his first concert of the season, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, Nov. 12.

"I'M AN ALSATIAN."

THIS popular Duet from OFFENBACH's operetta, *Litschen and Fritschen*, will be sung at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, by Mr JOHN CROSS and his Pupil, Miss BATHE, Nov. 12.

"MILLE VOLTE."

MISS FANNY ROBERTSON and Mr HENRY GUY will sing RANDEGGER's Duettino, "MILLE VOLTE" (for Contralto and Tenor) at Cambridge, Bedford, Northampton, Leamington, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford, on Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and Nov. 1.

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Mlle Ima di Muraka.

MONDAY next, Oct. 20, MEYERBEER's Opera, "DINORAH." Corentino, Signor Frapoli; Hoel, Signor Rota; Caprajo, Mme Trebelli; and Dinorah, Mlle Ima di Muraka (her first appearance these four years).

Mlle Minnie Hauk.

TUESDAY next, Oct. 21, BIZET's Opera, "CARMEN." Don José, Signor Techi; Escamillo (Toreador), Signor Pantaleoni; and Carmen (a gipsy), Mlle Minnie Hauk. *Première Danseuse*, Mlle Palladio.

Mlle Ima di Muraka.

WEDNESDAY next, Oct. 22, DONIZETTI's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

Mme Marie Roze.—Mme Trebelli.

THURSDAY next, Oct. 23, VERDI's Opera, "AIDA." (Cast as above.)

Mlle Minnie Hauk.

FRIDAY next, Oct. 24, AMBROISE THOMAS's Opera, "MIGNON."

Mme Hélène Crammond.

SATURDAY next, Oct. 25, GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST."

Conductors—Signor LI CALSI and Mr HILL.

Doors open at Seven. The Opera will commence at Half-past Seven.

The nightly Prices will be as follows:—Orchestral Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 8s.; Box Seats, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s.; Gallery Stalls, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. upwards. Books, containing Thirty Transferable Pit Tickets, available on all occasions, price £3 15s., may be obtained of Mr Bailey, at the Box Office.

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MR ABERCROMBIE will sing at the Promenade Concerts, Oct. 21 and 23: London, Nov. 1; Worcester, *Engedi*, Nov. 21; West Bromwich, *Judas Maccabeus*, Nov. 27; Birmingham, Leeds, Halifax, Rochdale, &c., in December. Please note new address—23, The Avenue, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

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BILL OF THE PLAY.

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BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Monday, October 13.

The third Triennial Musical Festival, devised by some influential inhabitants of the wealthy and populous city of Bristol, begins to-morrow at the Colston Hall. During a long period of years, despite spasmodic exhibitions of more or less vigorous life at Bradford and Liverpool, which subsided almost as quickly as they were engendered, the great Birmingham Festival, the time-honoured festival at Norwich, and the long-established meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, assumed the monopoly of these country celebrations in honour of music and to the furtherance of charitable objects, which, while their results were exclusively dedicated to local institutions, appealed persuasively enough to the community at large. Of recent years, however, two festivals have sprung up that bid fair to become permanent—the one at Leeds, the other at Bristol—both conducted on a scale of completeness and efficiency placing them easily on a par with the Birmingham "Triennial" itself. Leeds, first, in 1858, started a festival, long to be remembered, not only on account of the "inauguration" of Victoria Hall, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, but because of the first production of a certain "pastoral," the *May Queen*, now a unanimously accepted masterpiece, composed expressly for the occasion by our distinguished countryman, Sterndale Bennett, who also directed the performances. A twelvemonth later Bradford, the close neighbour of Leeds, also got up a grand festival, for the opening of St George's Hall, under the direction of Mr (now Sir Michael) Costa, the success of which encouraged the belief that Leeds had met with a formidable rival, and that if York, renowned for its music meetings of old, could be tempted to co-operate, a combination somewhat similar to that of the Three Choirs, with the sole difference that the Church need not be mixed up with the enterprise, might be set on foot and established. The idea of quiet old York, however, being brought into the vortex of festivals, with their indispensable hubbub and surroundings, was speedily abandoned, while Leeds and Bradford, for reasons unnecessary to dwell upon, could never be brought together. Bradford gave two or three festivals, bringing out works of sterling merit from the pens of English composers—Macfarren's *May Day* and J. L. Hutton's *Robin Hood* among others—and then collapsed. The Leeds Festival, apparently satisfied with its propitious beginning, stopped suddenly short, and was not renewed till 1874, when Sir Michael Costa was conductor. The results of this new attempt were so decided that they led to the establishment in Leeds of another "Triennial Festival," fit to cope with any of its precursors. From what a serious point of view its managers regarded their undertaking may be gathered from the fact that to them we were indebted (in 1877) for Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *Joseph*, which was welcomed with an enthusiasm not to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The Bristol Festival was started in 1873, with Mr Charles Hallé, universally recognized "King of Music" at Manchester, which, in the course of a residence of considerably more than a quarter of a century, he has, by his own unaided exertions, raised to a position hardly inferior to that enjoyed even by London. That Mr Hallé has "made Manchester musical" is a sort of proverb among his professional brethren. He has assembled and disciplined an orchestra for the Manchester public that, as his annual series of concerts in the Free Trade Hall emphatically prove, may rank with any of the great orchestras of the capital, and side by side with that a choral body of executants to match. Mr Hallé and his orchestra, wisely engaged for the festival of 1873, contributed no little to the general excellence of the performances, a notable example of which was the thorough efficiency with which so elaborate a work as Professor Macfarren's oratorio, *St John the Baptist*—originally written for but never given at the Hereford Festival—was introduced to the public. The success of this first tentative effort was so unquestionable that a second followed, under similar conditions, in 1876, and this led to its establishment, by the zealous and hardworking gentlemen forming the committee of management, as yet another

"Triennial Festival." So that for the present—and, it is to be hoped, if only because of the aid they bring both to the advancement of art and the promotion of charitable objects, for a long time to come—we have in the "provinces" (so styled) no less than six triennial musical gatherings, among which Bristol, judging from its antecedents, has every chance of playing a conspicuous part. The more of such the better, seeing that they all tend unquestionably to good.

The third Bristol Festival raises hopes of being in some respects a greater artistic event, and in all respects a greater financial success, than either of its forerunners. Although the programme offers nothing very important in the shape of novelties composed expressly for the occasion, it is one of marked superiority, made out with excellent judgment, and providing varied attractions, both at the morning performances of sacred music and the "miscellaneous" concerts in the evening, calculated to invite the attention of amateurs of genuine music. Three mornings are devoted exclusively to oratorios—on Tuesday to Handel's *Samson*, on Wednesday to *Elijah*, and on Friday to *The Messiah*. It is all very well to argue that *The Messiah* and *Elijah* should be laid aside for a time, so as to give place to other and newer works, but not so easy to say for how long a time the change would be acceptable. Find two other works of the same kind their equals in merit, and equally congenial to the taste of the many who, accepting what is universally recognized as great, have neither time nor inclination to investigate the examples recently submitted of what some look upon as the advanced school of art, while a much larger number are disposed to regard it as art in a state of retrogression, or at least of temporary paralysis, and the difficulty might be smoothed over easily enough. Until then we must wait patiently, and not taunt the majority with their preference for the oratorio in which Mendelssohn has illustrated the life of the fervent, idolatry-hating prophet who rebuked Ahab, Jezebel, and the Baalite priests, or for that in which Handel has so gloriously—and, amid all its sublimity and complex structure, in a shape so fitted to excite popular attention—set forth the life, sufferings, and mission of the Saviour. An objection might reasonably be urged against the policy of including two oratorios by Handel; but then *Samson*, immediate successor to *The Messiah*, is not, after all, too frequently heard out of London; nor can it be denied that at the most prominent of our country meetings such works, nine times out of ten, are, on the whole, so much better performed than at any of our London concerts, that it is worth while going from London to the country for the sake of hearing them. The expenses, moreover, at these festivals are very considerable, and unless certain special works are announced tolerably sure to bring large audiences, they could not possibly be met. Thus neither art nor charity would in the end be materially served. This to a certain degree may account for Mozart's *Requiem* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, pieces of Catholic worship as both are, being given in succession on Wednesday. It may, on the other hand, fairly be urged that at every festival at least two new compositions of importance—one sacred, the other secular—should, as a rule, be presented. The non-observance of this desideratum is, perhaps, the only grave fault that can be justly laid to the charge of the Bristol manifesto. That the arrangements for the evening miscellaneous concerts are entitled to high consideration a glance at the programmes will suffice to show. Here there can be no question about the time and labour of a fine orchestra being thrown away upon comparatively trivial matters. Not a few may even feel inclined to believe that two or three of the brilliant operatic preludes belonging to the French and Italian schools would have provided an occasional relief more or less agreeable; and such things, excellent in their particular sphere as so many of them indubitably are, should not—cannot, in fact—be altogether ignored and passed over. Music discourses divers languages, expressing itself in various ways, and what fails to touch the sympathies of some may often go straight to the hearts of others. Moreover, it ought to be borne in mind that musical amateurs of eclectic proclivities, who see the good that exists in whatever is good after its kind, are by no means so numerous as could be wished.

To return to the evening selections—the predominating features on Tuesday are *The First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, in which both orchestra and chorus are well taxed; the two movements from Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, which only wants a *scherzo* and *finale* of the same calibre to proclaim it a *chef d'œuvre*; Weber's impetuous overture to *Euryanthe*, his own most cherished but least popular dramatic opera, a work upon which the sympathetic Schumann said he must have spent his very life's blood; and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, his fifth, last, and greatest (the one in D being merely an arrangement, by Beethoven himself, of the Violin Concerto), with Mr Charles Hallé himself at the principal instrument. Here is surely enough to gratify the most exacting "classical" taste, without any reference to the vocal pieces that make up the rest. At the second concert (Wednesday) we are to have Mendelssohn's A minor (the "Scotch"), to say anything in praise of which would be superfluous, although Berlioz places the A major ("Italian"), its immediate precursor, above it; Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, an opera of which all but its orchestral prelude is comparatively forgotten; the introductions to the first and third acts of Wagner's *Lohengrin*; a chorus, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Herr E. Hecht, a resident Manchester professor of long acknowledged ability; the seldom heard *Rinaldo*, a cantata by Johannes Brahms, set to the well-known poem for which Goethe drew his materials from Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, for tenor solo, men's voices and orchestra, in which band and choir, to say nothing of Mr Edward Lloyd, who is the chosen representative of the hero beguiled by Armida, very much as Tannhäuser is beguiled by Venus, in Richard Wagner's celebrated mythic opera, are severely taxed; and last, not least, Mendelssohn's exquisitely melodious motet, "Hear my prayer," accompanied on the organ according to its original form, the solo voice being entrusted to Mme Albani, who, since "Jenny Lind," may be said to have made it her own. Here, then, is another evening's entertainment to satisfy the most fastidious advocates of high class music. The third and last evening performance must, if only on one account, take rank before its companions. At this the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven (the "choral") is to occupy the second part of the programme. This is a bold experiment, and if, after a "miscellaneous" first part, containing much that is interesting both in a vocal and instrumental way, the entire symphony is listened to with attention, Bristol will more forcibly than ever vindicate its right to a foremost place among musical cities. Mr Hallé, it is true, has tried the same experiment successfully more than once in Manchester, but at Manchester this gentleman reigns supreme, and what is to his liking is invariably to the liking of his zealous disciples at the Free Trade Hall.

With regard to the leading singers engaged for the Festival, it will answer all purposes to give a list of names. The chief sopranos are Mme Albani and Miss Emma Thursby—Canadian and American; the contraltos, Mesdames Patey and Trebelli—English and Belgian; the tenors, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Barton McGuckin; the basses, Messrs Robert Hilton and Santley—all English. The chorus, upwards of 350 strong, is composed chiefly of the members of the voluntary choir, established in 1876 by the Bristol Musical Festival Society, and so carefully trained by the late Mr Alfred Stone, whose place is now filled with recognized ability by D. W. Rootham. The orchestra is the widely-famed Manchester orchestra, organized by Mr Hallé, who conducts it, with Herr Ludwig Strass as *chef d'attaque* at the head of the principal violins.

The charities, to benefit which is one of the chief aims of the Festival, are the Bristol General Hospital and the Bristol Royal Infirmary. To the funds of these worthy institutions the proceeds, after deduction of expenses, are handed over. In what need they stand of assistance may be gathered from the subjoined official statement:—"The Bristol Royal Infirmary, which was established in 1735, relieves annually upwards of 20,000 of the sick and suffering. Last year the in-patients numbered 2,330, and the out-patients 22,768, or a total of 25,098 patients of both classes. The expenditure for 1878 was more than £13,000, while the receipts from annual

subscriptions and the interests on investments fell short of this sum by over £2,500. There is now a debt due to the treasurer of nearly £10,000, and the infirmary committee in their last report state that to extinguish this debt they will have eventually to draw upon their invested capital, unless the friends of the charity supply the necessary funds." The Bristol General Hospital performs an equally valuable work in another quarter of the city. Last year it admitted 1,579 in-patients and 11,034 out-patients, or an aggregate of 12,613. Like the Royal Infirmary, it has had to spend a large sum lately on the improvement and extension of the building, and is in great want of pecuniary assistance to answer the calls which are made upon it. The Festival is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, whose august name figures at the head of those of more than 140 patrons, all more or less persons of distinction. There are, moreover, between 300 and 400 guarantors at £25 each, members of the Bristol Musical Festival Society. Upon the Executive Committee devolve the chief labours of consultation and subsequent arrangement in the interval between one meeting and another, and on that account it is but fair to quote their names. The Mayor of Bristol is treasurer, Mr W. Smith chairman, Mr C. B. Hare (High Sheriff) vice-chairman, Messrs R. H. Wilson and H. F. Lawes honorary secretaries; and the following gentlemen are members of the General Committee:—Messrs W. H. Arthur, C. T. Bleack, G. H. D. Chilton, Henry Cooke, John Hare, E. A. Harvey, J. H. Hirst, Robert Lang, Samuel Lang, J. Llewellyn, jun., F. Morgan, W. A. F. Powell, A. N. Price, W. A. Williams, F. Wills, H. O. Wills, and William Henry Wills.

The prospects of the Festival are all that could be desired, and tickets have been selling fast, especially for the *Elijah* day on Wednesday. This afternoon the Mayor of Bristol invited all the members of the orchestra to a dinner at the Mansion House. Rehearsals have been going on for the greater part of the day under the direction of Mr Hallé. Handel's *Samson* and the *Requiem* of Mozart were gone through in the morning, the *Rinaldo* of Brahms, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," Hecht's "Charge of the Light Brigade" (Tennyson), and the last part of Beethoven's choral symphony in the evening.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.

The Festival opened auspiciously to-day with what, on the whole, was a remarkably fine performance of Handel's *Samson*. The oratorio was preceded by the National Anthem, for chorus and orchestra, solo verses being allotted to Miss Emma Thursby and Mr McGuckin. There was a very fair attendance in the hall, influenced, doubtless, in some measure by the sunlight which has unexpectedly burst upon us, and shone with undiminished benignity until its departure "down west." The Mayor, in semi-state, was seated in the president's gallery. The leading singers were applauded on making their appearance in the orchestra, and a specially warm reception was awarded to Mr Charles Hallé, the conductor.

Supposing that to have been the chief object in contemplation, no work of its kind could be named better calculated than *Samson* to exhibit the steady progress of the members of the Bristol Festival choir, under the diligent training of Mr D. W. Rootham. Between the meeting in 1873 and that of 1876 there was a marked difference; and now in 1879 a still further and noticeable advance is unanimously recognized. The fact is reassuring, and speaks well for the future prospects of the Festival. Musical Bristol, indeed, has good reason to feel proud of its chorus, which may hold its own with confidence, independently of extraneous aid. This was proved beyond dispute by the almost uniformly admirable manner in which the host of singers—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass—accomplished their self-imposed task—a task by no means over easy, inasmuch as the choral numbers of *Samson* only yield in importance and variety to those of *The Messiah*, its immediate predecessor, and *Israel in Egypt*, which, directly followed by *Saul*, was composed three years earlier. It is difficult to explain how four oratorios of such dimensions could possibly have proceeded from one and the same pen in so brief a space of time—*Israel* and *Saul* in 1733, *The Messiah* and

Samson in 1741. But Handel's facility was as remarkable as his invention was fertile and his learning great; moreover, his spirit was indomitable, and it was in a large measure owing to his reverses as *impresario* of an Italian lyric theatre that we are indebted for the majority of his English oratorios, some universally known, nearly all more or less emphatically stamped with the seal of immortality. Among them *Samson* will always hold—and easily enough, on the strength of its intrinsic merits—a very foremost place. It is not a *Messiah*, not an *Israel*, if we will, but it is *Samson*, and that suffices to insure it the nearest place by the side of those wonderful masterpieces.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to refer *seriatim* to choruses so generally familiar as those which constitute more than half the glory of *Samson*, the music of which preserves all the dignity of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, without being to any degree controlled in a strictly poetical sense by the influence of Newburgh Hamilton, Handel's helpmate and compiler of the book. How deeply the great Saxon must have been moved by the theme and sentiment of the text appears sufficiently evident in the result. The Bristol choristers showed themselves thoroughly conversant with all that was set down for them, conferring distinct significance upon every phrase—and *Samson*, like many other similar compositions of the kind with which Handel has enriched the repertory of his art, being in plain truth a Biblical drama founded on incidents, narratives, and comments supplied by the purely historical text of the Old Testament, in contradistinction to *The Messiah*, accepted for a century and more, all over the civilized world, as the sacred oratorio of the Gospel—with a certain dramatic colouring. Finer choral singing than in many instances signalized this day's performance could hardly be wished, and it is no little to say in praise of the singers that it was not only in such brilliant and, despite their elaborate texture, to a certain degree *ad captandum* pieces, such as "Then round about the starry throne" and "Let their celestial concerts all unite," respective climaxes to the first and third parts, that their excellence was manifestly displayed, but in choruses less directly appealing to the mere outward sense of harmonious magnificence—such, for example, as, naming one in particular, "Hear, Jacob's God," near the end of the second part, which is as impressive as it is comparatively brief, showing Handel's deep insight into the secrets of harmonic progression as convincingly as other choruses declare his supreme command of all the resources of counterpoint and fugue. The crowning achievement of the second part of the oratorio was the superb double chorus, "Fixed in his everlasting seat," where Israelites contend with Philistines about the attributes of Jehovah—"Of Gods the first and last"—and Dagon the object of Philistine idolatry. Intricate and trying as this marvellous piece of writing is, the Bristol singers were fully equal to the occasion, to say more than which would be superfluous.

The solo singing was almost unexceptionally good, the leading vocalists being Miss Emma Thursby, Madame Patey, Messrs Barton McGuckin, H. Hilton, and Santley, with the welcome addition of Mme Albani in the third part for "Let the bright seraphim." How admirably the accomplished Canadian gives this air, so truly representative a specimen of Handel's *bravura* style, need hardly be said. Enough that she has never sung it in greater perfection than on the present occasion, and never created a more sensible impression. The trumpet accompaniment was extremely well played by Mr Jaeger, one of the chief supporters of Mr Hallé's Manchester company of instrumentalists. In the music allotted to Samson Mr McGuckin made another step in advance, showing how diligently he must have been devoting himself to the study of Handel's music, which represents the highest style of vocal art. Of such thorough Handelians and consummate experts as Mme Patey and Mr Santley (Micah and Harapha), it is enough to record that they fully supported their well and honourably earned repute. A word of special praise, however, is due to Miss Emma Thursby, the young and clever American songstress, who is clearly asserting her position in England, not only as a concert singer, but as one to whose artistic nature the oratorios of the great masters are thoroughly

sympathetic. Mr Robert Hilton, whose fine bass voice has won general recognition, did all that was assigned him like a true and careful artist. In short, the entire performance was one to dwell upon with satisfaction, even to the execution by the orchestra of the simple, solemn, and pathetic "Dead March" (from *Saul*), which in a few notes expresses really more than many other attempts of the sort, however ingeniously and elaborately contrived, have been able to express in ten times as many. In short, the third Bristol Festival could hardly have begun with greater promise than by so generally effective a performance of *Samson*. Mr Hallé may be fairly complimented on the result, so much of which is owing to his individual authority and exertions.

Last night the first miscellaneous concert provided a genuine treat for those whose inclination towards sterling music was consulted; and it should be added that the majority present exhibited a preference for the best pieces contained in the programme. To these evening entertainments, however, which at Bristol comprise so many interesting features, a notice apart may justifiably be dedicated. To-morrow will show, by a densely crowded attendance, the still enduring popularity of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Wednesday, October 15.

Elijah played its accustomed part to-day, bringing, as was the case in 1873 and 1876 successively, an audience large enough to fill in every part a hall supposed to accommodate something like 3,000 sitters, all more or less at their ease. Two or three such attendances go a long way towards meeting the expenses of a grand festival, leaving margin for experiments that may, or may not, as chance happens, prove artistically, or—a matter of no small import to such undertakings—financially, remunerative. Even *Samson* did not overcrowd Colston Hall yesterday; but to-day *Elijah*, as a "draw," made up for *Samson*, and the balance was fairly struck. The number present was estimated at 2,700, upwards of 2,000 tickets having been disposed of, so it is said, apart from the preliminary subscriptions for the entire series of concerts. Who, after this, will talk of dispensing with *Elijah* in the programmes of festivals to come?

The performance, under Mr Hallé's direction, was one to remember. Probably since 1846, when Mendelssohn's greatest oratorio was introduced at the Birmingham Town Hall, under the immediate superintendence of its world-renowned composer, a better, with regard to vigour, precision, general accuracy, and well-balanced effect, could hardly be recalled. The times of the many and wonderfully varied choruses were, as might have been expected from a musician of Mr Hallé's knowledge and experience, taken with consummate judgment—no hurrying, no dragging, but in almost every instance according to what the author must have felt and to what he has suggested with a demonstrative clearness that should hardly admit of misapprehension. It may be said at once, without entering into superfluously minute details, that by their execution of their share in to-day's performance the members of the local Festival Choir have earned fresh and well-merited laurels. They seemed inspired on the occasion, and the result was in consonance with the potent influence of the text and music which it was their onerous duty to interpret. Musicians and cultivated amateurs know well enough that a satisfactory rendering, from beginning to end, of the choruses in *Elijah* is by no means a task over easy to accomplish, the responsibility it entails being far beyond that appertaining to common achievements. Nevertheless, as has been hinted, there was scarcely a drawback to afford criticism, however earnestly meant and apparently directed, a reasonable plea for adverse comment. What was heard yesterday in Handel's *Samson* warranted the highest anticipations for to-day, and, as the sequel triumphantly proved, anticipation was in no essential way disappointed. From the chorus of the people, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" which follows the prophecy by Elijah of a three years' drought, and the so-styled "overture" filling up the interval between the two—evidently meant to portray, through the aid of music, the sufferings of the afflicted multitude (a "tone-picture," if the phrase may pass with ordinary folk, for whom a "colour-symphony" might be equally

intelligible and suggestive)—to "Thanks be to God," the enthusiastic outburst of gratitude gloriously terminating the first part of the oratorio, and from the jubilant "Be not afraid" to the Handelian "Amen," worthy climax of the second, all went well, all made due impression. Perhaps one of the most striking examples of perfect choral singing was "Woe to him, he shall perish;" added by Mendelssohn after the production of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival already mentioned—a suitable peroration to the splendidly dramatic scene in which Jezebel inflames still further the anger of the exasperated mob against the Prophet, who has denounced Ahab and the iniquities of his surroundings. Further particulars are unnecessary.

The solo vocal parts—not less important than the choruses in the design and purport of *Elijah*—were in such good keeping that no doubt could be entertained in advance of their adequate presentment. At variance with prevailing custom, three of the leading parts were sustained from end to end by the same artists, Mdme Patti being contralto, Mr Edward Lloyd tenor, and Mr Santley bass in both sections of oratorio. The soprano alone was divided, Miss Emma Thursby undertaking the first part, and Mdme Albani the second. It was the opinion of Signor Belletti, one of the most admirable baritones ever engaged at either of our Italian opera-houses—a discovery of that keenly observant *impresario* the late Mr Benjamin Lumley, to whom the English public were indebted for Jenny Lind, Sophie Cruvelli, Marietta Piccolomini, Giuglini, and, passing over singers of less distinguished ability, Thérèse Tietjens—that it was impossible for any vocalist, no matter how great his powers of endurance, to sustain with undiminished power the character of Elijah from first to last. Signor Belletti, nevertheless, himself did it, so did Herr Carl Formes, and (not to name others of less marked distinction) Mr Weiss. About one thing, however, there can hardly exist a difference of opinion. Our great English baritone, Mr Santley, has for a long time shown himself fully equal to the task. He has been for a good many years just as he is emphatically now—the Elijah of the period, and, what is still a higher claim to consideration, the Elijah of Mendelssohn, not merely because of a long recognized vocal facility, but because of an intelligent insight into the significance of the personage whom Mendelssohn has portrayed in his music with a power akin to inspiration. This Mr Santley proved, not for the first time by many, at the recent Hereford Festival, and now again at Bristol has confirmed the unanimous opinion then expressed, which renders unnecessary further comment upon his truly admirable performance. Mr Lloyd, although but lately indisposed, in full possession of his resources, gave the tenor airs, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me" and "Then shall the righteous shine forth," with equal earnestness and intelligence. Mdme Patey, to whom the contralto music of *Elijah* is as familiar as though she had been born purposely to sing it, was as forcibly dramatic in the declamatory music of Jezebel as she was impressive in the consoling air, "O rest in the Lord," or in the plaintive and despairing "Woe unto them who forsake Him," which the singing of Mdme Pauline Viardot Garcia, years ago, first brought into prominent notice. In the scene between the Widow and Elijah the Prophet, who miraculously restores her son to life, Miss Thursby especially shone, giving full expression to the agonized feelings of the bereaved mother. What was said of Mdme Albani's performance at the Hereford Festival a month since might be repeated *verbatim* now. Not to speak of her share in the magnificent *Sanctus*, "Holy, holy, is God the Lord," during which the audience, as usual, rose and remained standing, "Hear ye, Israel," and its emphatic sequel, "Be not afraid," were delivered with such genuine fervour and in a style so thoroughly artistic as to leave no point open to criticism. In this gifted operatic vocalist it can hardly be doubted that a new mistress of oratorio singing has been discovered. Mr Hilton's aid was only called for in the concerted pieces, such as the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," and the quartet in the first and second parts; but what was assigned to him was satisfactorily done, and it may be added that these interesting and

suggestive numbers were by no means least remarkable in the general performance. The orchestra was from beginning to end fairly irreproachable, the overture especially being played to admiration.

Another immense audience filled the Colston Hall to-night for a second miscellaneous concert, at which, among other noticeable things, Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," Herr Hecht's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and the *Rinaldo* of Johannes Brahms were performed.

THE LATE MR HENRY SMART.

(To the Editor of the "Musical Standard.")

SIR,—Your efforts and those of your correspondents on behalf of Mrs Smart and her claims to the untouched pension, and also towards recognizing the special demands which the late lamented composer and his works have upon our consideration, deserve the warmest thanks of Smart's family and friends. To myself, who took so deep an interest in his works and doings for a great many years, these efforts are particularly welcome and gratifying, and I need scarcely add that I shall join in them heart and soul. To be successful we must become more practical. Let us act on the principle inculcated in the old motto. "Res non verba." There are, I apprehend, three things desired by those who are interested—and the interest in the work should be universal.

1. To obtain a continuance of the pension of £100 per annum to Mrs Smart.

2. To give memorial concerts in London and elsewhere of Smart's music—the proceeds to be handed to Mrs Smart.

3. To establish a scholarship or fund in Henry Smart's name, of a kind and for a purpose to be hereafter determined upon.

With reference to the first point—I ventured last Tuesday week to write a strong appeal to the Premier on behalf of Mrs Smart, enclosing for his Lordship's consideration many cuttings from influential newspapers respecting the departed composer and his works. To this communication I have not yet received any reply, but I have no doubt one will come shortly. In the meanwhile not a moment further should be lost, and every musician who can spare a few moments should go and do likewise. Lord Beaconsfield is not likely to resist such an united appeal. The second and third points can only be accomplished by the formation of a committee, and as no one has called or suggested a meeting for that purpose, I venture to take the preliminary step of asking all who can make it convenient to attend at the Great Northern Hotel, King's Cross, on Friday evening, October 3, at 8 o'clock, when I will be present (v.v.), and make previous arrangements for a room and the reception of those who may honour us with their presence.

Faithfully yours,

WM. SPARK.

Brook House, Apperley Bridge, near Leeds.

STUTTGART.—Maillart's three-act opera, *Lara*, has been successfully produced at the Theatre Royal.

MADRID.—Señor Rovira's Italian operatic company at the Teatro Real includes Mesdes Nilsson, de Reazkè, d'Angeri, Varese, Scalchi, Pasqua, Señor Gayarre, Signori Tamberlik, Maini, Milesi, Fiorini, MM. Lasalle, Verger, Kaschmann, and Petit, with MM. Barbier, Breton, and Sig. Faccio, as conductors.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Considerable sensation has been excited in musical circles in consequence of the dismissal of Herren Julius Stockhausen, Fleisch, and Senn, from their respective posts in the Hoch Conservatory. Herr Stockhausen, who was engaged for ten years, will, however, not retire till the 1st September next. In all probability he will eventually establish a singing-school of his own. There are conflicting reports as to the reason which induced the committee of the Conservatory to dispense with the services of the three gentlemen.

COLOGNE.—The musical season promises to be eminently satisfactory this winter. The Gürzenich Concerts, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, commence on the 21st of the present month. During the series, Brahms will conduct his *Deutsches Requiem*, and Ch. Gounod his Mass in E flat major; Anton Rubinstein will play one of his pianoforte concertos, and conduct one of his symphonies; Joachim will play Brahms' new Violin Concerto; and Mdme Clara Schumann several pianoforte compositions by Mozart. Among the more important works to be performed is Ferdinand Hiller's new oratorio of *Rebecca*. Herr Ernst, manager of the Stadttheater, is laudably active. He promises Wagner's *Meistersinger*; Bizet's *Carmen*; *Manfred*, with Schumann's music; *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's; Max Bruch's *Loreley*; and many other works.

RACINE AND MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 645.)

II.

"Racine, by order of Mad. de Maintenon, is writing an opera, the subject of which is Esther and Assuérus; it will be sung and recited by the young ladies at Saint-Cyr. It will not be all music. A person named Moreau will compose the latter." Such is the entry made in his diary (on Wednesday, the 18th February, 1688) by the impeccable Dangeau, who was always promptly informed of the slightest doings of the Court, and who, in this particular case, could not have been long ignorant what project lay concealed under the familiar conversations of the King and Mad. de Maintenon with Racine, who was lodged at Versailles in one of the principal suites of apartments in the palace and saw his noble advisers very freely. On the other hand, Dangeau appears to have been somewhat badly informed concerning the musician whom Racine was about to associate with his own glory. Nevertheless Moreau was a man neither unknown nor without merit; he had, at any rate, displayed plenty of audacity and presence of mind in his manner of insinuating himself into the favour of the Dauphine, Victoire de Bavière. He was born in 1656 at Angers, where he received his musical education as a singing boy in the cathedral church. On the conclusion of his studies, he obtained the post of chapelmaster at Langres and then at Dijon. He was still young when one fine day, without means or recommendations, he arrived in Paris to seek his fortune. What course did he adopt to penetrate one morning, while she was at her toilet, into the presence of the Dauphine, who he knew was fond of music? How could he have the boldness to pluck her by her sleeve and ask permission to sing her an arietta of his composition? and how was it that, instead of having him turned out as an intruder, the Princess smiled at his boldness and listened to him? At any rate, this daring act decided his fortune; he sang his air, and the Dauphine was charmed with it. She spoke of him to the King, who, in his turn, said he should like to hear the vocal musician, and who, no less satisfied, it seems, than the Princess, took him into his service. The beginning alone is difficult, says a proverb, and Moreau had bravely made it; thenceforward he advanced with giant strides. Successively music-master at Saint Cyr; commissioned to write ballets and divertissements for the Court; Intendant of Music to the States of Languedoc; and, lastly, promoted to the important post of music-master to the King's Chamber; cultivating with equal success the profane and the sacred style; setting without distinction a Court ballet, like *Les Bergers de Marly*, or the choruses of a sacred tragedy, like Duche's *Jonathas*;† writing, one day, a psalm: "In Exitu Israël," or a Requiem Mass, and drawing his inspiration, the day after, from the songs and light cantatas of the poet Lainez; a good musician, in a word, and one who afterwards formed pupils of repute such as Clérambeau and Dandrien, but without great genius, if not without talent, such was, in short, the man on whom Racine cast his eye to compose the choruses of *Athalie* and *Esther*, and who was indebted to the great tragic poet's choice for the brightest part of his reputation.

That Moreau was a great musician is doubtful, but he was assuredly a hard drinker, and, perhaps, a complaisant husband, if we are to believe some epigrammatic verses, written by the poet Lainez, on the musician's reconciliation with his wife:—

"N'en parlons plus : j'entends raison.
Après tant de bruit et d'allarmes,
La paix règne dans ma maison.
Ma femme a mille nouveaux charmes.
Je bois toute la nuit chez Gautier, chez Meyret ; ‡
Un galant le matin compte et paye avec joye.
Amis, profitez du secret :
Ma femme devient la monnoye
Dont je me sers au cabaret. §

What are we to think of the above, and how could Lainez make an accusation of this kind against his good friend, Moreau, when

he himself was nearly always as thirsty as the latter and the latter's worthy companion in copious junketings or joyous libations? Meeting Moreau in the Rue Saint-Jacques one day, as the musician was on his way to give a lesson, he said: "Let us go for a moment into the Barre Royale, and have a glass; they have got some excellent wine there, which has just arrived." No sooner said than done. After the first bottle was emptied, Moreau went down to fetch a second, when he saw two dancing-masters of his acquaintance passing by, and asked them to go up upstairs. Without waiting to be pressed, his two friends dismounted, and, securing their horses, ran up to Lainez. The party was so prolonged, as they drank bottle after bottle, and discussed subject after subject, that, at ten o'clock at night, the poet, the musician, and the dancing-masters, were still at table, while their pupils had been expecting them all day. Their horses had been less patient; tired of waiting and dying of hunger, they had violently freed themselves from their bridles, and, entering a maid-servant's open room, tore to pieces the straw mattress on the bed, a feat for which the furious toppers above stairs had to pay extra. ||

But, however great Jean Baptiste Moreau's power of absorption and however lax his morals, Racine entertained a high opinion of him, and considered him a valuable collaborator. According to Racine, the music was not to be the least agreeable part of the piece. Besides, while Mdme de Maintenon had simply asked him "for a kind of moral poem in which songs should be mixed up with the words," he had written a tragedy with choruses, after the fashion of Euripides and Sophocles, that is, so far from deviating from the rules as he had been advised, he had conformed to them more closely and followed more strictly than usual the models of antiquity. "I perceived," he himself says, "that, while working on the plan given me, I was to some extent carrying out a project which had often passed through my mind, and which was to connect, as in the ancient Greek tragedies, the chorus and the songs with the action, and to employ in singing the praises of the true God that part of the chorus which the heathens employed in celebrating the praises of their false divinities."

(To be continued.)

MANCHESTER TOWN HALL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr J. Kendrick Pyne.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8th:—

Chorus, <i>Acis and Galatea</i>	Handel.
Bourrée	Walter Macfarren.
Marche Funèbre	Guilmant.
Chant Séraphique	
Air and Variations (Grand Septuor)	Beethoven.
Prelude and Fugue, in F sharp minor	S. S. Wesley.
Andante Pastorale	Guilmant.
Fest-Marsch	Franz Lachner.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th:—

Prelude and Fughetta, in D minor	J. S. Bach.
Carillons de Dunkerque	Thomas Carter (1780).
Sonata, in F minor	Mendelssohn.
Hymne Autrichien	Haydn.
Air and Variations, "Harmonious Blacksmith"	Handel.
Double Chorus, "The horse and his rider"	Handel.

VIENNA.—Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* has been given—for the first time with German words—at the Imperial Operahouse, Mdme Schuch-Proska, who is here as a star, sustaining with marked ability the part of the heroine. A brilliantly-mounted two-act ballet, *Dyellah*, by Borri has been favourably received. Commenting on the promised performance of Mozart's operas, a writer in a local print remarks: "The strongly Wagnerised singers are now studying Mozart very diligently, and that composer's school will do them a great deal of good. The idea of giving a series of Mozart performances deserves praise, if only because a little singing will be exceedingly acceptable at the Imperial Operahouse after all the spouting and screeching we have heard there." In his concluding words, the writer refers to the series of *Nibelungen* performances just concluded.—The number of pupils who have placed themselves this year under Mdme Marchesi's tuition is so great that the celebrated professoress has announced her inability to receive any more till the commencement of the next scholastic year, on the 1st September, 1880.

|| Life of Lainez prefixed to his *Poésies*.* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.

† This three act tragedy, tolerably successful at Court and at Saint-Cyr, especially when the Duchess of Burgundy, who called herself Mdle de Lastic and wore the insignia of the Red Class at Saint Cyr, played in it, was afterwards revived with less favour at the Comédie-Française in 1714.

‡ Gautier and Meyret kept well-known wine shops.

§ *Poésies de Lainez*, The Hague, 1753.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

VORGLEM MIG IKKE.

*I know that thou art but a guest here,
For though the earth's fair,
Thou art all too fair but to rest here
A time, til thy care
Is ended, til thy mystic mission
Is done.*

*In a day bygone, when gazing
Into thine eyes,
I saw there the pale apparition
Of Heaven, they had
That freedom so strange, so amazing,
Not joyous, not mournful, not mad,
But full of those skies
We dream of sometimes when the sun
Is gone down.*

*I know that thou camest from Heaven
With a word; not for me, but oh Wonder
I thank thee for what thou hast given;*

*In soaring afar
There could not but fall from thee beaming
Thy blessing's wild light, like a star
That one wanders under.*

*And now in my longing and dreaming
I see thee aloft and alone.
Thy voice like the gleek
Of a dancing moon-cloud could it speak,
A crazy soft clear laughing tone.
Aye, I hear thee and see thee,—thou yearnest
For Heaven again—Dear, oh let me
Pray thee that when thou returnest
Thou do not forget me.*

Polkaw.

PROPOSED NEW MUSICAL CORPORATION.

THE subjoined document has been submitted to us, by high authorities, for publication in the columns of the *Musical World*. As in duty bound, we obey:—

"It will be in the recollection of those interested in the advancement of musical science that, in the course of the year 1878, it was announced that the Prince of Wales had placed himself at the head of an organisation having for its object the establishment of a representative musical institution, embracing in one body the most eminent practical musicians and the most influential patrons of music. It was proposed to seek co-operation and support from all musical societies of eminence, and to begin by inviting a union between the Royal Academy of Music and the National Training School for Music. An executive committee, with Prince Christian at its head, was formed to carry the scheme into effect, and at once proceeded to open negotiations with the Royal Academy and the National Training School. Both institutions accepted the principle of union, and appointed committees to consider the details. The whole of the year has been occupied in discussing the terms of union, which consist in effect in the acceptance of a charter uniting the two bodies; such an acceptance to be binding only in the event of their being secured, through the agency of the executive committee, an annual income of at least £3,000, with other advantages, for the

purpose of carrying into effect the objects of the new institution. The Duke of Edinburgh has recently communicated to Prince Christian the unanimous acceptance by the Training School of the terms of union. The charter has been elaborately discussed between the Royal Academy and Prince Christian's committee, and there remain only to be considered a few objections of little moment; but, owing to the illness of Lord Dudley, the President of the Royal Academy, the final question has not yet been submitted to the directors of that body as to whether they are prepared to become members of the new institution on the terms above mentioned.

"A reply cannot now be expected before the close of the year. It may, however, be anticipated that the directors of such a body as the Royal Academy of Music will not be unmindful of the duty they owe to science and to the public, but will, disregarding any individual prejudice, accept the opportunity now offered to them of belonging to an institution which, by its apt association of professional eminence with social influence, cannot fail to exercise a just power in elevating music to its proper place amidst the institutions of the country."

The question, as regards its proposers, may be divided into two parts:—

1. *Hoc sustinete, majus ne veniat malum!*
2. *Hoc volo—sic jubeo—sit pro ratione voluntas!*

This is fair ratiocination, but—*Homme propose, Dieu dispose.*—C. J.

MUSICAL MATTERS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

By DR EDUARD HANSLICK.

II.

(Liszt on Chopin.—The *Bayreuther Blätter* against Robert Schumann.)

A new edition of Liszt's book, *Chopin*, has been published in Leipsic by Breitkopf and Härtel. Not only is its language French, but its getting-up as well: magnificent large type on milk white paper. That German publishers can produce such volumes à la Firmin Didot, we knew long ago, but we do not know why they so seldom and so exceptionally will do so. One relishes a book twice as much when it is handsome and well printed. As a rule, German books resemble savoury food served up in coarse earthenware dishes upon a table without a cloth; the readers of Breitkopf and Härtel's new edition eat off silver. The fare itself—known and appreciated for twenty years—contains no new ingredients, but has remained unaltered. It is with sincere pleasure that we have glanced once more through this book of a clever and amiable man. It is perhaps not given to everybody to go through it conscientiously line for line; for this, one must be something of a visionary, or, best of all, a woman. Liszt so loses himself at times in poetic descriptions and reflections, and strays so far from his theme, Chopin, that we almost grow alarmed lest he should not find his way back. As a master of the art of modulation, he does so, however, most agreeably; after long lyric fancies about love, the fair sex, art, Polish and French women, &c., he always returns to Chopin, who, both as artist and as man, was especially dear to him. It is a question whether anybody unacquainted with Liszt's literary style would ever guess by whom the book was written. From the numerous picturesque descriptions, such, for instance, as the exceedingly exact and neat accounts of Polish dances and national costumes, the reader might suppose the author to be a painter. To judge, however, by the diffuse philosophical arguments and poetic fancies, he should be a poet, a lyricist steeped in reflection. A musician is the last person we should suppose him to be. Even in a purely material sense, the musical element occupies the smallest amount of space in the book, though the latter is written by one distinguished musician on another. Even when characterising Chopin's compositions and playing, Liszt nearly always employs pictorial and poetic means. He renounces every musical sign, and in the whole volume, extending over 300 pages, does not introduce the shortest example in musical notation. Thus he has pursued the same method as in his famous book, *Des Bohémiens et de leur Musique en Hongrie*. Our readers will recollect the work and the commotion it excited in Hungary. The assertion first put forth by Liszt, and supported with a degree of plausibility which bordered on proof, that Hungarian national music

was derived from the Gipsies, kindled against him a violent feeling of bitterness, though that feeling was wisely soon suppressed. It was in this book that I first felt struck by the intellectually sensitive manner, reminding one of Lamartine, in which Liszt paraphrases, so to speak, his theme. Such magnificent rhetorical fireworks, however, seemed to me provided at the expense of the information which we expect in a book concerning the subject of which that book is supposed to treat. Liszt was then—exactly twenty years ago—kind enough to embody in a letter his views as to this part of my criticism. His words strike me as having an important bearing on all his literary labours, and shall, therefore, be rescued from oblivion. The principal portion, translated into German,* runs thus:—"The scientific side of my subject was in my eyes of subordinate importance; for that I should scarcely have taken up my pen. An artist, and, if you choose, a poet, I wanted to see and describe nothing of my subject but its poetical and psychological side. I required from language that it should paint—with less fire and charm, it is true, but on that account with more precision than music—the impressions which, untouched by learning and polemics, come from the heart and speak to the imagination. Descriptive poetic prose is not very usual in Germany, and I can, therefore, understand that, from the title of my book, people expected rather a lecture or an essay than a poem in prose. But what a small circle of readers would take an interest in the little which can be asserted with certainty on this topic. On the other hand, the expression of the most delicate and most profound feelings, directly they are capable of animating an entire art, is attractive enough for a wider circle, which embraces not musicians alone, but all persons who are susceptible to music."—On this principle, Liszt gives us in his *Chopin*, also, a poem in prose rather than a book on music, properly so called. Yet no one will listen without profiting largely to what this celebrated, this always well-bred and amiable man has to say. The warmth of heart which invariably pierces through Liszt's writings invests them with a kind of sacred charm far excelling all grace of style. Liszt is ever full of love for his subject, whether he be writing about Chopin, about R. Wagner, or about Robert Franz. Fired with enthusiasm, he leads us all round their works, as in a garden, from flower to flower, and, should he happen to come across a bed that is faded, or has run wild, he does not mention it upbraidingly, but in a tone of excuse. He only can love who knows how to spare.

There could not exist, probably, a more glaring contrast to Liszt's loving description of Chopin than the estimate of Robert Schumann in the latest number of Richard Wagner's *Bayreuther Blätter*. No one, we suppose, is deceived as to the person from whom the abusive article signed:—"Joseph Rubinstein" really emanated. A man who has favoured the public with nine volumes of *Collected Writings* possesses a dangerous claim to be recognised by his style. In matter and form the article is exclusively Wagnerian; Joseph Rubinstein, the pianist, who, in a not very creditable manner, introduces himself to the public as whipping-boy, has probably at most had nothing to do with the matter than to beat up the pianoforte examples as the game for which the hunter so yearned. Who does not at once recognise Wagner's style, that knotted mass of creeping, poisonous, verbal serpents, so indefinitely darting out their tongues in garrulous hate? Yes, the style is recognisable and clearly marked; "*es steht ihm an der Stirn geschrieben, Dass er nicht mag eine Seele lieben.*"†

It is really the most laughable thing imaginable that the same Richard Wagner, who not long since publicly declared once more that he despised journalism, should himself publish a journal, and one which stands out as a remarkably black spot in the history of the press. As we know, his custom in these *Bayreuther Blätter* is to indulge partly in adoration of himself and partly in depreciation of others. What position ought to be taken up towards the columns filled with most stinking self-praise is something which must be determined by every one according to his individual taste and sense of smell. But the case, I think, is different with respect to Wagner's journalistic efforts, running parallel with those columns, to befoul the Ideals of the German people, and render despicable and ridiculous Brahms one day

and Schumann the next. These are not things on which we can be silent.

The Bayreuth article comprises two heads. In the first place, an enumeration of the faults of every conceivable kind, which are said to disfigure Schumann's compositions, and then an earnest warning to public and artists to have as little to do as possible with the said compositions, "which distort taste and feeling." We will not go into the various details with which the writer of the article finds fault in Schumann; if only because we would not encourage even the shadow of an opinion that no criticism must be pronounced on great artists, but that all they do should simply be admired. On the contrary, the opinion we hold is that musical criticism and musical history are generally much too panegyric towards great composers, and by no means analyse such men as Bach, Handel, Gluck, and Beethoven, with the unprejudiced freedom employed by our best literary historians in estimating Schiller or Goethe. We would not defend the feeling of toothless reverence which glorifies indiscriminately all the worst, as well as the best, which Schumann has written, and thus merely betrays the fact that it does not understand the best. "The critics are always at perfect liberty to direct my attention to my faults," wrote Grillparzer in his diary, "but, be it observed, *hat in hand*." This outward respect, so intentionally outraged in the Bayreuth article, is the very least a genius of Schumann's rank has a right to demand from his critics. But we owe him much more than this. One of the noblest and most highly gifted composers of whom Germany can boast, Robert Schumann reigns in the heart of everyone who has any heart for music. The German nation looks on him as its most precious possession, and he alone who recognises and feels all the worth of that possession has a right to judge severely any little details in it. By indulging only in censure, and, moreover, sneering censure, towards Schumann, the author of the Bayreuth article betrays himself, and shows that envy and jealousy have deprived him of his last remnant of critical power. Wagner rejects not only Schumann's weaker compositions, but actually the four Symphonies, the Pianoforte Quartet, the *Manfred* overture—they are all "made up by arranging side by side almost uninterrupted rows simply of cobbler's patches." "We find everywhere in them," we are told, "the same business with separate shreds and patches, which are pulled and stretched in all kinds of ways but to no purpose; the attempt to change them into *thoughts* is not successful." The B major Symphony, with its spring-like freshness, belongs, Wagner assures us, in style to "ballet music," while he calls the gracefulness of its themes "childish nothingness."

But what offends the reader more painfully than aught else is that not only Schumann's ability, but his character as an artist, his purity and honour, are audaciously assailed. It is asserted that Schumann, who drew everything up from the depths of his own soul, was not "true"! His "everlasting beating about ought," we are told, "to have procured for him at least the *nimbus* of exemplary intention and endeavour." Schumann deceived the world as to the fundamental deficiencies of his music by means of "devices which dazzled and piquant touches, which he does not hesitate to employ with the necessary profusion." Pursuing the contrary course to Franz Schubert, who was "thoroughly honourable," Schumann by certain "little expedients" gave himself a false appearance of profundity and primitive originality. The virtuoso style of the pianoforte compositions, too, in Schumann's case "become something thoroughly false and external," &c., &c.

And why, we inquire, does Wagner now consider it necessary to make this spiteful attack on a composer whose works have only just succeeded in fighting their way to merited appreciation, after their creator has been lying in his grave for twenty years? Let every one listen! Because it is owing to a partiality for Schumann's works that "the names of Haydn and of Mozart are now found but seldom adorning our concert programmes"! This tender care for Haydn and Mozart is in Wagner's mouth a piece of ridiculous hypocrisy, and the assertion based upon it as absurd as would be the attempt to prevent the numerous performances of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, because they kept back the operas of Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven. What is new and full of vitality will always exercise its right side by side with what is classical and old, and men of progress should defend and not combat this right. But Wagner claims this right, the right of actual existence,

* It is Dr Hanellik who is speaking.—ED. M. W.

† Which may be rendered:—

"Yes, on his forehead it is written
With love for none was he e'er smitten."

exclusively for himself alone. The conclusion of the article—a most unmistakable specimen, by the way, of Wagner's most characteristic style—betrays in a passing ebullition the real ground of the attack on Schumann. Here is this remarkable piece of writing: "Thus we have found that even in the outward domain of our art it was not given to Schumann to be naïf and true, and we conclude with the wish that as many as possible may withdraw as speedily as possible from any intercourse with, and any influence of, an author who, according to what has been shown above cannot fail to exert an injurious and distorting effect on taste and feeling, which is precisely what we, who are hoping for a new revelation of the true spirit of art, cannot be too anxious to preserve pure and undefiled." By this imminent new revelation, in Bayreuth, of the true spirit of art, nothing else is, of course, meant than Wagner's *Parsifal*, about the success of which we, in our turn, judging from the horrible book, "cannot be too anxious." No! no new revelations of Wagner's will succeed in replacing the old revelations of Schumann! Not more seldom, but more frequently and more devoutly than before shall we listen to them, for, if one thing was still wanting to complete the light thrown on Schumann, it was the sulphurous flash of excommunication hurled at him from Bayreuth. EDUARD HANSLICK.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is proposed to place a tablet in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the late Henry Smart. What amateur, what musician (of the genuine stamp) would hesitate to support such a proposition?

The following composers died in the month of October:—Jean François Lesueur, on the 7th, 1837; Antonio Sacchini, on the 8th, 1786; Adrien Boëldieu, on the 8th, 1834; J. N. Hummel, on the 17th, 1837; F. Chopin, on the 17th, 1849; Etienne Nicolas Méhul, on the 18th, 1817; Michael William Balfe, on the 20th, 1870; Louis Spohr, on the 22nd, 1859; Alessandro Scarlatti, on the 24th, 1725; Francesco Morlacchi, on the 28th, 1841; and P. Raimondi, on the 30th, 1858.

THE Swedish Ladies' Quartet is a thing of the past. The four fair members constituting it intended to make a farewell tour this winter through Germany and Austria, and the concerts were already announced in some places, when the gentleman charged with the business part of the enterprise was informed there would be no tour at all. The second Soprano, who had married in America, had been summoned by her husband back to that country. The first Soprano and the second Contralto remain in Stockholm; the second Soprano, as already mentioned, seeks the Land of the Stars and Stripes; and the first Contralto, Mdle Soderlung, goes to Vienna to study for the stage.

THE Magistracy of Vienna have, in a spirit of reverential admiration, resolved "to recommend that the Town Council do see that the graves of those heroes of tone, Mozart, Gluck, Joseph Haydn, and Beethoven, in the present old graveyards, shall, so long as the said graveyards exist, be properly planted and adorned with flowers, to be kept up all the year at the expense of the city of Vienna." The medallion of Mozart, which was stolen by some person or persons unknown from his monument, and bent out of shape in the process of wrenching off, has been recovered, recast afresh by Herr Pönniger, the sculptor, and restored to its place. "It is known, probably, to only a very small number of the admirers of Mozart, Gluck, and Joseph Haydn," says the *Berlin Echo*, "that for nearly fifty years there has been invested at Vienna a sum of money, which is to be allowed to go on accumulating until it is sufficient to erect a suitable public monument to those great composers. Just as little, too, is it known that a certain Herr Much has collected several thousand florins for the purpose of raising, in the Mariahilf quarter of the town, a public monument to the composer of *The Creation* and *The Seasons*. That money, also, is for a time put out to interest, and the eventual realization of the project confided to the authorities of the Mariahilf quarter."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

We have given a summary of the arrangements for the twenty-fourth series of the excellent Saturday afternoon concerts, and have now to record the commencement, with a selection of strong interest and variety, as the following will show:—

Quverture, *The Magic Flute* (Mozart); Recitative and Aria, "Non paventar" (Mozart); Concerto for violin, with orchestra (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 1, in B flat (Schumann); Song, "The Bird that came in Spring" (Benedict); Minuet, for strings (Boccherini); Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Haydn" (Léonard); *Sylvia*, ballet (Delibes).

A special feature at Saturday's concert was the brilliant success obtained by Maurice Dengremont, a young Brazilian violinist, between twelve and thirteen years old, whose execution of Mendelssohn's concerto was remarkable in every respect. The tone produced by the young virtuoso is exquisitely pure and beautiful, and far more powerful than might be expected from so juvenile a performer—his intonation being such as to satisfy the most accurate ear. His bowing is in the best modern school, combining flexibility, rapidity, and certainty, while his command of the finger-board—in all the complex mechanism of octave and *arpeggio* passages, double-stops, and harmonics—seems to be unbounded. The expressive slow movement of the concerto was given with a calm grace and refinement that stood in admirable contrast to the impulse and vivacity with which the two other portions of the work were rendered, especially the *finale*, which was taken at extreme speed. In the fantasia—comprising variations on Haydn's Austrian Hymn, "God preserve the Emperor"—the young violinist had ample scope for the display of rare mechanical dexterity, and his reception in this, as in his far more important previous essay, was of the most enthusiastic kind. Another specialty at Saturday's concert was the characteristic ballet music which closed the programme, heard for the first time here. M. Léo Delibes is one of the prominent French composers of the day, having produced several operatic works and ballets successfully—the ballet entitled *Sylvia* being, perhaps, his best. Brought out at the Paris Opéra in 1876, the music has been put together by the composer as an orchestral suite for concert performance. Without being strikingly original, or especially French in style, there is some very characteristic writing in several of the movements, and the orchestra is used throughout with much skill. Those portions of M. Delibes's music that pleased most in Saturday's performance were a waltz, *Pizzicati* (chiefly for stringed instruments); a characteristic and effective movement announcing the approach of satyrs; and the Procession of Priests of Bacchus. The music associated with Thalia, grotesque rather than comic, is followed by a graceful dance movement, in which harps are effectively used, a climax being obtained by the illustration of the demonstrative Bacchanalian revels. The impression was altogether favourable. The other items call but for slight notice, being all more or less familiar. The overture, the symphony, and the minuet were finely played, and Miss Thursby's *bravura* singing was displayed with special success in the two vocal pieces. Mr Manns, on taking his place at the conductor's desk, received the warm greeting to which he has been long accustomed.

This day's programme includes an orchestral symphony by Heinrich Hofmann, entitled *Frithjof*; and M. Saint-Saëns's variations for two pianofortes on a theme by Beethoven—the pianists being Mdme Montigny-Rémaury and Miss Marie Wurm.—D. N.

BERLIN.—The concert given by Herr Hans von Bülow, for the benefit of the Bayreuth funds, will take place at the Singacademie. The programme will comprise compositions by Bach, Brahms, Handel, Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann, Rheinberger, Rubinstein, and Tschaiakowski.—Herr J. Kotek, advantageously known by the part he took as violinist in Joachim's Quartet Evenings, has won the Mendelssohn Foundation prize of 1500 marks for the best specimen of violin-playing, the works performed being two pieces of his own and the first movement from Joachim's "Ungarisches Concerto."

MARIENTHAL (Saxony).—Nina Sontag, who, like her elder sister, Henrietta (Countess Rossi), and her youngest brother, Carl, was formerly on the stage, but afterwards took the veil, has died here, on the 22nd September, in the convent to which she retired. The only member of her family who attended the funeral was her eldest brother, a colonel in the Austrian service, who came from Prague for the purpose. The other brothers of the deceased are travelling, and it was impossible to communicate with them in time to ensure their presence at the ceremony. By the wish of her husband, Count Rossi, the remains of Henrietta Sontag were, as many of our readers may be aware, transported from Mexico, where she died, to Germany, and buried in the convent here, so that the two sisters, once inseparable in life, are now reunited in death.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

PAGANINI.

I once heard the celebrated Paganini, when I was a boy, at a concert which he gave at the theatre at Canterbury during his tour through the provinces, after the great sensation he created in London, electrifying his audiences, and almost breaking the hearts of all the great violinists—Mori amongst the number—who flattered themselves they were amongst the first artists of the day on their instruments, but in comparison with him found themselves nowhere.

I shall never forget his weird look when he first presented himself on the stage; his thin, gaunt figure, ill-fitting clothes, long black hair, pale face, and extraordinary and scarcely human expression of countenance. He did not seem to belong to the ordinary *genus homo*, and when he made a sweep of the bow in the air, previous to its coming into contact with the strings, and drew those wondrous tones from his violin, which made it speak music such as was never heard before he produced it, the effect made one's nerves vibrate with a new and marvellous sensation. It seemed as if "his soul was as a star and dwelt apart." The piece which amongst others that particularly excited me was called "The Witches under the Walnut Tree;" a meeting of the weird sisters much more conducive to pleasure under his presidency than that eventful one where they danced round the cauldron chanting—

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

At one of my quartet parties at my chambers in London, in 1852, on which occasion Camille Sivori, the nephew and pupil of Paganini, played the first violin, Goffrie the second, Tolbecque, *chef d'attaque* at Her Majesty's Theatre, the alto, and myself the violoncello, Tolbecque told us, at our merry supper afterwards, two stories of Paganini, illustrative of a peculiar phase of his disposition, which was strongly developed in a character which also contained elements of kind liberality of which he occasionally opened the vein when he was in the humour, evincing traits of strange antagonism.

When he first arrived in London he knew scarcely anybody, and was little known; but Signor Lablache, the eminent Italian singer, who had heard, and had been introduced to him abroad, and was consequently aware of his great genius and executive facility, called upon, welcomed warmly, and invited him to accept his hospitality, telling him he always dined at four o'clock, and there would be a place at his table for him whenever he was disposed to avail himself of it. Paganini appreciated the privilege so highly that he dined nearly every day for a month at the residence of the celebrated and hospitable basso, where the *chef* was a "cordon blue," the champagne of the best brand, and the society and welcome, genial and warm. At the expiration of this period Paganini's mind evidently began to be uneasy at so constant an attendance at the "Château Lablache" at dinner time; so he wrote his esteemed host a note, which he sent by his servant, expressing his feeling of delicacy, enclosing a sum of money at the rate of two shillings and six pence for each meal—the sum he would have paid had he dined at a restaurant—begging him to accept it, and requesting an acknowledgment of its receipt. Good-natured Lablache, ever ready at seizing and indulging in the humour of a ridiculous position, was intensely amused; appeared to treat the matter seriously, signed a receipt for the money, and presented it to the servant, who had brought it from his eccentric master, as recompense for the trouble he had had in calling to settle the little account.

At the time Paganini was giving his concerts at the King's Theatre, now Her Majesty's Theatre, he resided in Regent Street Quadrant, and when he practised it was always with a mute on his violin, so that nobody might hear him but those who paid for the privilege at his public performances. His fame after his first appearance spread so widely, and excited so much interest in all circles, that he became the wonder of the day, and was talked about everywhere. It reached the ears of his landress, who must have had a power of appreciating artistic greatness which ought to have promoted her to a more elevated position than that of presiding over a washing-tub. She was seized with an irrepresible desire to participate in the wondrous influence his marvellous bow had over his magic fiddle, consequently, when she

brought home his linen on the next occasion, she sent up her humble and modest request that he would be good enough to give her an order for the gallery to hear him play at his next concert. He complied readily, and sent her down a pass for two, but when her account was settled, she was startled to find that the price of the two admissions was deducted from it.—*Journal and Jottings by* HENRY W. GOODBAN.

MINNIE HAUKE IN GERMANY.

(Extract from a private letter.)

Miss Minnie Hauke has not forgotten her friends on this side of the German Ocean, and, previously to commencing the campaign at Her Majesty's Theatre in your great smoky London, she has been singing at places in the Fatherland. She sang lately in Darmstadt at a concert, and the Darmstadters went into ecstasies about her. She was tremendously successful. All her pieces were rewarded with applause which seemed as though it would never end, but the enthusiasm after Eckert's showy "Echo-Lied" was something altogether unprecedented. Many were pretty nigh frantic; the re-calls and cries of "bis" were not to be stopt till the fair enchantress lulled the storm by giving the "Mandolinata."

In Mayence, her reception was equally flattering, and a newspaper correspondent writing thence says:—

"Minnie Hauke sang, on the 1st inst., the part of Gretchen in *Faust*, and as a matter of course was enthusiastically applauded. The receipts are twice as much as when Lucca, Mallinger, and Materna were starring here. As Rosina, too, in *Il Barbiere*, Minnie Hauke achieved a brilliant triumph, and a general wish has been expressed that the manager may succeed in securing her for other performances."

Speaking of her last appearance, on the 10th inst., when the opera selected was R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, the *Tagblatt* says:—

"Senta, as presented to us by Miss Hauke, was a sweet and charming creature, who could not fail to attract all our sympathies—a figure made at one cast: the dreamy visionary daughter of the Northern seaman, devoted, in every gesture and in every word, with her whole and undivided love, truth, and passion, to the unfortunate and unknown stranger, whose sorrows and sufferings cut her to the soul. It is not my intention to describe at length her impersonation, which was carefully carried out in the smallest details; the above must suffice. The effect of her acting was doubled by her clear, full voice, and her artistic way of managing it. It was natural that such a performance should call down storms of applause, and the 'green meat of Fame,' as a well-known critic defined the bouquets and laurel wreaths flung on the stage, rose quite in heaps. All nationalities were represented in the bows, a sign of the many different countries to which yesterday's audience belonged."

Another paper writes as follows:—

"In her last appearance, Miss Minnie Hauke chose Senta in Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*. We frankly confess that at first there arose in our mind some slight doubts as to her being fitted to impersonate this dreamy character. So much the more agreeable was our surprise on seeing how she grasped it. There was nothing in her rendering of it to remind one of the sprightly representative of Rosina, with such distinct individuality did she invest her assumption. Greater versatility it is difficult to imagine. We feel inclined to bestow on her the appellation of an 'International Singer,' for she not only plays German, Italian, and French parts, but she likewise sings them in German, English, French, and Italian, a feat in which she is not likely to have many imitators. The ballads and the grand duet in the second act were especially successful. Countless floral offerings and rapturous applause showed how loth the public were to part with their visitor."

Bravo, Miss Minnie! May you soon return to charm the eyes and feast the ears of your admirers, who are legion, in the country of Göthe and of Schiller—of Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, not to speak of a host of other great tone-poets.

MUNICH.—Herr and Mme Vogl have signed a fresh engagement for ten years with the management of the Theatre Royal. The gentleman and lady will receive respectively an annual salary of 19,000 and 13,000 marks, and likewise be allowed four months' leave of absence every year.

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

(From the "Biograph.")

Joseph L. Roeckel springs from an eminently musical stock. A nephew of the celebrated composer Hummel, he is the youngest son of the late Professor Roeckel, a musician of so interesting a career that the following particulars of his life, taken from an article headed "The First Florestan," in the *Orchestra* of September 30th, 1870, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers:—"In our obituary we chronicle the death of one who formed one of the last few links that still bind us to the classic period of music. The name of Joseph Augustus Roeckel is well known in the musical world in connection with the first introduction of the masterpieces of German opera into this country, whilst its owner's intimate friendship with Beethoven, and the fact of his having been the original Florestan in *Fidelio*, are matters of history, which will ensure a short sketch of his life being interesting to our musical readers. Born August 28th, 1783, in Neuburg vorm Wald, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally destined for the Church, the subject of our memoir enjoyed a classical education, which stood him in good stead when, in his twentieth year, he exchanged theology for a diplomatic career, and entered the service of the then Elector of Bavaria as Secretary of Legation at Salzburg. At the breaking out of the war between Bavaria and Austria in 1804, and the subsequent recall of the Salzburg Legation, young Roeckel accepted a tempting offer from the *impresario* of the Court Theatre at Vienna (who had heard him sing at an amateur operatic performance) to fulfil an engagement as *primo tenore* at the Imperial Opera. His success at Vienna was so great as to determine him to adopt definitively the operatic career, and it was at the commencement of this (in the summer of 1805) that his assumption, and indeed 'creation' of the part of Florestan in *Fidelio* gained him the friendship of Beethoven—a friendship which lasted until the great composer's death. In 1823, Francis I. appointed Roeckel to the professorship of singing at the Imperial Opera, and in this capacity the excellence of his method was demonstrated by a list of distinguished pupils, foremost amongst whom was the celebrated Henriette Sontag. In 1828, Roeckel obeyed a call to Aix-la-Chapelle as director of the Opera, and in the following year he conceived and executed the idea of introducing German opera into Paris by means of a complete German *personale*. In consequence of the great success of this venture—the electric effect produced by his chorus being particularly remarkable—our director remained in Paris until 1832, when he was induced by Monk Mason, the then *impresario* of the Italian Opera at the King's Theatre, to try the same experiment in London. Many of our readers will doubtless remember the enthusiasm evoked by this first introduction of German opera to the Metropolis, and the profound impression created by the first representation of *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, and other—then novel—masterpieces of the German school, with a cast including Schröder-Devrient as *prima donna*, Haitzinger as *primo tenore*, and the great Hummel (Roeckel's brother-in-law) as conductor. In 1835 Professor Roeckel retired from operatic life, but continued his career of musical usefulness in this his adopted country for many years after; indeed, it was not until 1853 that he finally returned to his native land to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his active and eventful life." With so musical a father, it is not surprising that the three sons of Professor Roeckel should all have followed the art of which he was so able an exponent. Augustus, the eldest, was joint *Capellmeister* with Richard Wagner at the Royal Opera at Dresden until 1848, when, like the latter, he became implicated in the revolutionary movement which at that time distracted the European Continent, and subsequently substituted the pen for the *bâton*, his political writings lending powerful aid to the popular cause, of which he became an able and well-known advocate. The second son, Eduard, the eminent pianist and writer for his instrument, has long been resident at Bath. The subject of our sketch, the youngest of the three brothers, was born in London in the year 1838. He received his earlier musical training from his father, and was afterwards placed at Würtzburg, under Eisenhofer, for the study of composition. This severe theorist, who is best known in England by his vocal quartets and trios, influenced his pupil to the particular development of his talent for vocal composition, and permanently so, as, although Mr Roeckel subsequently pursued his studies in orchestral writing under Götze, at Weimar, and has composed much for the orchestra, as well as for the piano-forte and other instruments, his predilection for vocal writing has always asserted itself, and it is upon this branch of composition that his reputation chiefly rests.

The Teatro Real, Madrid, opened for the Italian operatic season on the 6th inst.

DEATH OF CARL ECKERT.

(From "The Times," Oct. 16.)

The musical world and Berlin society have lost a much-valued ornament in the person of Herr Karl Eckert, conductor at the Royal Opera here, who died very suddenly last evening, at the comparatively early age of 59. Walking through the streets to join his wife at the house of Professor Helmholtz, Herr Eckert suddenly felt very ill, and hailed a cab to return home, but was dead before arriving there. Born at Potsdam in 1820, the son of a sergeant in the Uhlans of the Guard, Eckert, while still a mere child, performed wonders on the piano and violin, and was regarded as a prodigy by Berlin society. Before reaching his tenth year he had completed an opera, and three years later an oratorio. Mendelssohn gave the lad lessons in composition. In 1851, after Eckert, favoured by wealthy patrons, had gone the artistic round of nearly all Europe, he became attached in a high capacity to the Italian Opera at Paris, and in 1852 accompanied Henriette Sontag to America. Returning in the same year to Paris as conductor at the Italian Opera, he went to Vienna in 1854, where he remained till 1861 as chief of the Imperial Opera, and then removed in a similar capacity to Stuttgart, whence, after a residence of six years, he was persuaded to come to Berlin as leader of the orchestra. His opera, *William of Orange*, failed to obtain a permanent place in the Royal *répertoire*, though as a composer his fame will doubtless survive in some sweet and characteristic songs.

MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A Drawing-room Entertainment was given, on Monday evening last, at the Finsbury Institute, at the instance and under the auspices of the proprietors and staff of the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, and, from the aspect of the attendance, it may be presumed that the kindly influences of the patrons in question were not exerted in vain, and that a considerable sum of money would probably be handed over to a charity well deserving of sympathy and assistance. The vocal contributors were, with but one exception, amateurs; but, although such was the case, and the names of those who assisted were wholly unknown, pleasant illustrations were again afforded of the successful cultivation of music in private circles, and of the amount of real practical acquirement there attained. The gentlemen who aired their capabilities on the present occasion were Mr Charles Temple, Mr James S. Holliday, Mr James Watson, and Mr Richard Holland, supported by Miss Millie Austin; and, without resorting to invidious particularisations, they may be one and all complimented for their agreeable rendering of the songs set down for them. A professional "star" was, of course, necessary, and was not wanting—that rising vocalist, Miss Agnes Ross, giving prestige to the proceedings by her singing of Gounod's "Worker," to which she communicated all the intensity of expression of which it is so largely susceptible, and which gives it its rank as one of the most exciting narrative songs of the day. For a singer who can interpret so finely conceived a musical picture as this, with the effect that Miss Agnes Ross so signally produces, there is, unquestionably, considerable reputation in store when further experience in the concert room has done its sure and useful service in the higher arts of method and delivery. The "entertainment" was relieved at intervals, by recitals at the hands of Mr H. Dacres Smith and Mr Arthur Wieland, the latter declaiming, with emphatic pathos, those powerful lyrics by Dagonet, "Christmas day in the workhouse;" and, besides the above, there was a Mr H. P. Matthews, whose comic songs—exquisitely diverting in their way—took the audience literally by storm, and provoked encores of genuine music-hall heartiness and enjoyment. H.

HANOVER.—A new theatre, called the Residenz-Theater, was lately opened. The piece selected for the first night was a version of Emile Augier's comedy, *Les Fourchambault*.

DRESDEN.—Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* is in preparation at the Theatre Royal.—In the newly erected Residenz-Theater, the doors of which were thrown open for the first time on the 27th ult., buffo opera is promised a permanent home. On the evening in question the performance was introduced by an overture composed by the conductor, Herr C. Pleininger, followed by a prologue spoken by the manager, Herr Carl. The opera was *Jeanne, Jeannette, and Jeanneton*, by Lacombe, which went off very well. The next work produced is to be one in three acts, *Die Zwillingbrüder*, book by Dr Hans Müller, music by Herr C. Pleininger.

ROSE HERSEE AT SYDNEY.

Last night Bellini's charming opera of *La Sonnambula* was played in English at the Victoria Theatre to a well-filled house, considering that Friday is generally considered an "off night." Mme Hersee was more than usually brilliant as Amina, and her wonderfully flexible voice did full, if somewhat florid, justice to the composer's music. Her acting is always excellent, but last night it was the very perfection of *naïveté*, and her transitions from sleeping to waking were marked by the subtlest appreciation of histrionic art. In the first act she sang the recitative and *aria*, "Dearest companions" and "Oh, love for me," with the most exquisite finish, and her duet with Elvino, "Take now this ring," was the gem of the performance. In the *sommambulist* scene in the second act she was extremely happy, and the great song, "Unhappy maid," was rendered with a tender pathos which must have thrilled through the very heart of every musician present. It may appear that we are dealing somewhat wantonly with superlatives in referring to Mme Hersee's part in last night's performance, but the most matter of fact critic can scarcely restrain himself within moderate bounds fresh after having seen such a charming Amina. The *finale* of the last act, "Do not mingle," was a most fitting termination to a most enjoyable performance, and but for the precipitancy of the prompter in ringing down the curtain would have had to be repeated.—*Sydney Telegraph*, July 19th, 1879.

Bristol Musical Festival, 1879.

Holders of secured seats are specially requested to be in their places at least ten minutes before the commencement of each performance. No one will be permitted to enter or leave the Hall during the performance of any piece, and it is earnestly hoped that the Audience will support the Committee in carrying out this important regulation. It is intended that the Performances shall commence punctually at the hour named.

WIESBADEN.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* was given here for the first time on the 30th ult. It was played without any "outs," and the performance—admirably conducted by Herr Jahn—took five mortal hours! There was a great deal of applause, but the house was not full. The usual telegram was forwarded by Wagner to Herr Jahn: "Cordial congratulations on the finely effected representation of that difficult work, *Die Meistersinger*, which only industry and zeal can render successful." The attendance was characterized by the *Rhein-Kurier* as "unsatisfactory." On the evening after the production of *Die Meistersinger*, Mdle Hedwig Rolandt, a great favourite, achieved a brilliant triumph in *La Sonnambula*, there not being a seat unoccupied. This gave rise to a series of recriminations and disputes, as usual on such occasions as the telegram from the composer, between Wagnerites and Anti-Wagnerites. The local papers were full of letters from members of both parties. One correspondent wrote: "Any person visiting the theatre yesterday must have been astounded to see it so full. Within scarcely a year we have had probably a dozen times the old, threadbare *Sonnambula*! Yet there is always a full house, and always the same uproar—especially on the grand tier, generally so reserved and prudish. With their admiration for Mdle Rolandt's rare talent and really eminent displays, people should put down something to the account of the composer. During the recent representation of Wagner's grandiose music-drama of *Die Meistersinger*, only a few solitary figures were seen in the grand tier, and, when one of the Italian hurdygurdy operas is given, the public rush to it as though their lives depended on it. *O sancta*—!—E. S." This elicited the following answer: "Herr E. S. was evidently wrong yesterday when he used the words 'always the same uproar' with reference to *La Sonnambula* and the admirers of that work in the grand tier; it was the uproar made during the performance of *Die Meistersinger* which must have been ringing in his ears. He himself appears, by the way, to have been in the house to recover from the ordeal his ears had to undergo on Sunday, and to admire Mdle Rolandt. How ungrateful he is! We frequenters of the grand tier, however, pay for admission, and may be allowed to hear what we like! Now we like *La Sonnambula*; even though the melodies in it be not *endless*, they are pleasing, and, if they afford Mdle Rolandt an opportunity of charming the heart of the public, they cannot be bad. In the scene of the drubbing, Wagner must certainly have written for very long ears; the uproar there was unbearable for ears of human structure. *Dici!*—A Frequenter of the Grand Tier."

DEW-FALL!*

(Duet—for Music.)

- 1st. To the heart of a rose came falling
A shower of silver dew,
While the nightingales were calling,
As from their nests they flew.
2nd. What said the rose in greeting?
What sang the birds in song?
They sang what I would tell, love,
To thee the whole night long.

(Repeat.)

- 1st. The dew so softly falling,
As softly kissed the rose;
The birds, their love-notes calling,
Had sought, at last, repose.
2nd. What said the dew-drops gemming
Those petals soft and sweet?
They said what I would say, love,
Each day, each hour, we meet.

- 1st. The dew has wooed the rose, love,
The whole sweet summer night,
While leaf and bud unclosed, love,
To thrill with soft delight.
2nd. And did the dew-fall whisper
What thou hast said to me?
Then all the rose has said, love,
My heart would say to thee.

(Repeat.)

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RITA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I have given my services as organist at the Mount Pleasant Wesleyan Chapel, Leek, during the past fifteen years, and have recently aided largely in securing a superior organ.

Subjoined, I submit copy of Resolutions of the Trustees at a select meeting, held in July last, seriously affecting my position as organist, and would be glad to know if you can name any instance in which an organist under such circumstances has received such treatment. Will you kindly express an opinion as to the practicability of organists accepting such resolutions?

Copy of Resolutions of the Wesleyan Mount Pleasant Chapel Trustees, Leek, July, 1879:—

"That Mr Barker be informed that the key he holds is exclusively for his own personal use, and that no one else is to be allowed to use the organ without the special sanction of the Trustees."

"That Mr W. A. Hammersley be appointed to play the organ on the first Sunday in every month, and that he have the preceding practice night for the usual weekly practice with the choir; also, that he be appointed to play whenever Mr Barker is absent."

Yours truly,

W. BARKER.

Leek, Staffe, October, 1879.

—o—

WAIFS.

Herr Niemann has been starring at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A new opera, *Adelina*, by Sig. Sozzi, has been well received in Lecco.

Herr Goldmark is about composing a new opera with an Italian libretto.

Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabees* will be performed this winter in Breslau.

Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* has been well received at Bologna.

Sig. Bevilgnani paid a short visit to Naples previous to starting for Moscow.

Herr Carl Heimann, the pianist, is about giving a series of concerts in Berlin.

Mad. Marie Wilt has been singing at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

M. Anton Rubinstein is in Hamburg superintending the rehearsals of his *Nero*.

Mdles Badia took part lately, with much success, in a concert at Aix-les-Bains.

M. Ferdinand Lavainne has been appointed Director of the Conservatory at Lille.

A Vocal Association, named El Orfeon Granadino, has been founded in Granada.

Herr Richard Wagner has engaged the Villa d'Angri at Posilipo, near Naples, for the winter.

There is some talk of producing Sig. Usiglio's *Donne Curiose* at the Arena Nazionale, Florence.

A new buffo opera, *I Due Ciurlatani*, by Sig. Niccolai, has been produced at the Teatro Nuovo, Pisa.

Dr Carl Niese has been commissioned by Sig. Ricordi to translate into German the book of Boito's *Mejstefele*.

The Teatro Comunale, Trieste, will open shortly for a few performances, with Signora Donadio as the star.

The season of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston (U.S.), commenced on Sunday evening, the 5th inst.

Herr Emil Austerlitz, second *Capellmeister* at the Stadtheater, Mayence, has died at the age of twenty-eight.

Messrs Schott & Sons, of Mayence, have been awarded the Gold Medal at the Industrial Exhibition, Offenbach.

M. Vanden Eede, director of the School of Music at Mons, has been created a Knight of the Order of Leopold.

Mdme Christine Nilsson will take part in the musical festivities at Madrid in honour of the King of Spain's wedding.

Roderigo di Spagna, by Sig. Bavagno, and first produced in Parma, will be performed during the carnival at Cagliari.

Dr Eduard Hanslick is announced to lecture at Buda-Pesth on "The Commencement of Opera in Italy, France, and Germany."

The Subscription Concerts at Basle commence on the 19th inst., and Mdme Annette Essipoff will appear at some of the earlier ones.

Herr Winkelmann, the tenor of the Stadtheater, Hamburg, has been offered an engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Six thousand florins having now been collected, active measures are being taken for the erection in Vienna of the projected Haydn Monument.

The session for Music and Arts at Trinity College was opened on Monday last in the lecture-room of the College, Weymouth Street, Portland Place.

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal, has visited Vienna on matters connected with the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The College of Music, Cincinnati (U.S.), announces eight symphony concerts and six chamber concerts, under the direction of Mr Theodore Thomas.

The New York *Star* observes that Miss Emma Abbott is as pure, and bright, and innocent as one of Montgomery's hymns or an angel worked in worsted.

M. Mangin, founder and director of the Conservatory of Lyons, has been dismissed from his post without any reason for such a step being assigned by the authorities.

Following the example set them at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, the managers of several other German theatres have resolved to produce Hector Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*.

The receipts of the Theatres Royal, Berlin, from the beginning of the season up to the 30th September, are better by 80,000 marks than they were for the same period last year.

Herr R. Rehbaum, composer of *Don Pablo*, a comic opera, to be produced this season at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has completed *Die Proscribirten*, another work in the same style.

"I told her I would never smoke another cigar," he murmured softly, "and I wont; a pipe is plenty good enough for me." And he gracefully drew a match over the sole of his boot.

Sig. Achille Graffigna's re-setting of the libretto of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, though performed six nights in Padua and two in Bologna, will probably not drive Rossini's version from the stage.

A young woman—an American contemporary informs us—recently painted the picture of a dog and a tree so naturally that it is impossible to distinguish the bark of the dog from the bark of the tree.

POSEN.—The new Stadtheater, towards the erection of which the Emperor Wilhelm contributed 180,000 marks from his privy purse, was opened on the 1st inst. with a prologue, written for the occasion, and Gothe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music. The auditorium accommodates 800 persons.

FADED ROSE LEAVES.*

(Impromptu for Music.)

Only the leaves of a faded flower,
The wreath of a garden queen!
Only the sigh of a by-gone hour,
The face of a vanish'd scene.
As the fragrance sweeps thro' my
lonely heart,
Till it sobs in its bitter pain,
While the dead leaves' rustling make
it start
With their wail of "never again!"

Only the dream of a life-long bliss,
Hope, wreath'd with Love's passion
flowers;
Only a whisper, a clasp, a kiss,
And trail of bright golden hours.
When shyly she gave this rose from
her breast,
O how little I reck'd of pain;
But sigh'd on the thorns I so fondly prest,
"My own! to part never again."

Only a sweet face, all wan and white,
And a tender yearning gaze,
Clinging to mine, with Love's deathless light,
Suffusing the gathering haze.
A long quivering sigh, and a sense of doom,
A wild prayer, and a cry of pain;
Then—only one "sleeping" in rose-crown'd tomb,
One, wailing, "ah! never again!"

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

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